



THE SATURDAY EVENING

KNOWLEDGE

12

THE SOUL OF FREEDOM.

CHRONICLE

OF GENERAL LITERATURE, MORALS, AND THE ARTS

VOL. 2, NO. 13.

CINCINNATI, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, 1828.

WHOLE NO. 65.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BOSTON BARD.

No titled birth had he to boast,
Son of the desert, fortune's child;
Yet not by frowning fortune crossed,
The muses on his cradle smil'd!

Dermody.

One of his wild harp oft beguiled
So sorrow that dimmed his eye,
The spirit that breathed in his song was mild
The breath of the moonlight sky.

All of ambition, whose magic fills
Life with its thousand ills;

It spoke to his heart's proud career,
Woke one kindred emotion there.

bright spell of beauty that light hearts wear,
The dreaming of childhood known,
Dimmed by the dark gild shades of care,
Sent fading when youth came on.

pure, warm, sunshine of feeling threw
Over than Edna's first morning bloom,
Sent his pathway through years of gloom,
To the right of our path, had fallen over a

precipice with its load.

When the Hajei rejoined me, he was far from
being convinced that the camel which had fallen
was the same he had at first seen. "It was
probable," he said, "that a ghoul, by the shape
he assumed, had enticed our animal to follow
him, and the latter would certainly have been
lost but for my presence of mind and timely
exclamations. These creatures," he added,
"are the very lowest of the supernatural world,
and besides being timid, are extremely stupid,
and consequently often imposed upon by artful
men. I will recount you," he said, "a
story, that is well authenticated, to prove what
I say is just." I told him I was all attention,
and he commenced his tale.

"You know," said he that the natives of Is-
fahan, though not brave, are the most crafty
and averse people upon earth, and often employ
the want of courage by their artifice. An in-
habitant of that city was once compelled to
travel alone at night through this dreadful
valley. He was a man of ready wit, and fond
of adventures; and though no lion, had great
confidence in his cunning, which had brought
him through a hundred scrapes and perils that
would have embarrassed or destroyed your sim-
ple man of valor.

"This man, whose name was Ameen Beg,
had heard many stories of the Ghools of the
"Valley of the Angel of Death," and thought
it likely he might meet one. He prepared ac-
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salt in his pocket. He had not gone far amidst
the rocks we have just passed, when he heard
a voice crying, "Hollo, Ameen Beg Isfahane!"
"You are going the wrong road; you will lose your
self; come this way; I am your friend Kerrem Beg,
I know your father old Kerrem Beg, and the
street in which you were born." Ameen
knew well the power the Ghools had of assum-
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they knowledge of towns as well as families
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the being I desired to meet. I have tried my
strength against all the men and all the beasts
which exist in the natural world, and can find
nothing that is a match for me. I can, therefore,
to this valley in the hope of encountering a
Ghool, that I might prove my powers upon
him."

The Ghool, astonished at being addressed in
this manner, looked keenly at him, and said,
"Son of Adam, you do not appear so strong."
"Appearances are deceitful," replied Ameen,
"but I will give you a proof of my strength.
Ture," said he, picking up a stone from a
ravel, "this contains a fluid; try if you can so
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took the stone, but after a short attempt returned
it, saying, "The thing is impossible." "Quite
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placing it in the hand in which he had before
put the egg. "Lo! there!" said the astonished
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without any effort.

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the latter all crushed to the Ghool, who seeing
it reduced to powder, tasted it, and remained
in stupid astonishment at the skill and strength
of this wonderful man. Neither was he without
alarm lest his strength should be exerted
against himself, and he saw no safety in resorting
to the shape of a beast; for Ameen had
warned him that if he commenced any such
unfair dealing, he would instantly slay him, for
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best plan was to conciliate the friendship of his
new companion, till he found an opportunity
of destroying him.

"I lost wonderful man," he said, "will you
honour my abode with your presence; it is
quite at hand; there you will find every re-
freshment, and after a comfortable night's rest,
you can resume your journey."

"I have no objection, friend Ghool, to ac-
cept your offer; but mark me, I am in the first
place very passionate, and must not be re-
volved by any expression which are in the least
disrespectful; and in the second, I am full of
penitence, and I can see through your designs
as clearly as I saw into that hard stone in which
I discovered salt; so take care that you enter-
tain none that are wicked, or you shall suffer."

The Ghool declared that the ear of his guest
should be nained by no expression to which I
did not beat his dignity to listen; and he swore

also," said he, in a half alarmed voice, "a mir-
age was effected, but it was not concealed—
his dreadful place is the valley of the angel
of death? That terrible minister of God's
wrath, according to tradition, has resting places
upon the earth; and this is one of his fa-
vorite abodes. He is surrounded by ghous,
horrid beings, who, when they take away life,
feed upon the carcasses."

"The natural shape of these monsters," said
Hajei Hoosain, "is terrible; but they can as-
sume those of animals, such as cows or camels,
or whatever they choose, often appearing to
men as their relations or friends, and then they
do not only transform their shapes, but their
voices are also altered. The frightful screams
and wails, which are often heard amidst these
dreadful ravines, are changed for the softest
and most melodious notes; unwary travellers,
deceived by the appearance of friends, or capti-
vated by the forms, and charmed by the music
of these demons, are allured from their path,
and of whose fate Ameen was too well informed by
the bones over which he now and then stumbled,
and by the putrid smell produced by some
half consumed carcasses."

"This will be sufficient for your supper, I
hope," said the Ghool, taking up a large bag of
rice; "man of your prowess must have a toler-
able appetite." "True," said Ameen, "but I
ate a sheep and as much rice as you have got
there before I proceeded on my journey. I am,
therefore, not hungry, but will take a little less
I offend your hospitality?" "I must boil it for
you," said the demon; "you do not boil grain
and meat raw, as we do. There is a kettle,"
said he, taking up one lying amongst the plum-
bed property. "I will go and get wood for a
fire, while you fetch water with that," pointing
to a bag made of the hide of six oxen.

Ameen waited till he saw his host leave the
cave for the wood, and then with great difficulty
he dragged the enormous bag to the bank
of a dark stream which issued from the rocks at
the other end of the cavern, and after being
visible for a few yards disappeared under
ground.

"How shall I, thought Ameen, prevent my
weakness being discovered—this bag I could
nearly manage when empty; when full it
would require twenty strong men to carry it;
what shall I do? I shall certainly be eaten by
this cannibal Ghool, who is now only kept
alive by the impression of my great strength.
After some minutes reflection, the Isfahane
thought of a scheme, and began digging a small
channel from the stream, towards the place
where his supper was preparing.

"What are you doing?" vociferated the
Ghool, as he advanced towards him. "I sent
you for water to boil a little rice, and you have
been an hour about it. Cannot you fill the
bag and bring it away?" "Certainly I can,"
said Ameen. "If I were content, after all your
kindness, to show my gratitude merely by feats
of brute strength, I could fill your stream if you
had a bag large enough to hold it; but here,"
said he, pointing to the channel he had begun,
"here is the commencement of a work in which
the aim of a man is employed between the
labor of his body. This canal, small as it may
appear, will carry a stream to the other end of
the cave, in which I will construct a dam that
you can cross and shut at pleasure, and thereby
save yourself infinite trouble in fetching water.
But pray let me alone till it is finished," and he
again began to dig. "Nonsense," said the
Ghool, seizing the bag and filling it; "I will
carry the water myself, and I advise you to
leave off your canal, as you call it, and, follow
me, that you may eat your supper and go
to sleep; you may finish this fine work if you
like it to-morrow morning."

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Ghool, while he heard what he took for the
breaking of the stone, saw the liquid run from
between Ameen's fingers, and this apparently
without any effort.

Ameen, aided by the darkness, placed the
stone upon the ground, while he picked up
another of a darker hue. "This," said he, "I
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can crumble it between your fingers," but the
Ghool looking at it, confessed he had neither
knowledge to discover its qualities, nor strength
to break it. "Give it me," said his companion
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tain none that are wicked, or you shall suffer."

by the head of his liege lord, the Angel of
Death, that he would faithfully respect the
rites of hospitality and friendship.

Thus satisfied, Ameen followed the Ghool
through a number of crooked paths, rugged
cliffs, and deep ravines, till they came to a large
cave, which was dimly lighted. "Here," said
the Ghool, "I dwell, and here my friend will
find all he can want for refreshment or repose." So
saying, he led him to various apartments, in
which were horrid every species of game, and
all kinds of merchandise, plundered from trav-
ellers who had been deluded to this den, and
had suffered him to be led into it.

"This will, according to the Hajei's tale, take
shelter during a storm in the den of a lion,
when he saw no chance of escape, terrified the
king of beasts by boasting of a celestial origin,
and telling him he had been condemned, before
he could return to Heaven, to eat ten ele-
phants, ten tigers and ten lions. He had, he
said, eaten every kind of animal but the lion;
and saying this, he walked up to the astonished
monster, who fled by a back way from his
den. The lion in his flight saw a fox, and de-
scribed to him the appearance of the goat (an
animal he had never seen before), his horns, his
strong beard, and above all his boasting lan-
guage. The fox laughed, and told his Maj-
esty how he had been tricked. They went back
together, and met the goat at the entrance of the
den. The latter at once saw his danger, but
his wits did not forsake him. "What conduct
is this you scoundrel?" said he to the fox: "I
commanded you to get ten lions, and here you
have only brought me one!" so saying, he ad-
vanced boldly, and the lion again fled, trem-
bling at the goat's roar.

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THE CHRONICLE.

CINCINNATI,

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1833.

NASHOBA.—MISS WRIGHT.

Miss Frances Wright, an English lady, well known in this country as the author of "Views of Society and Manners in America," has established herself in Tennessee, and is generously embarking in the great cause of philanthropy. A primary object with the benevolent lady, is to wipe off from our great republic the stain of Slavery. For the purpose of accomplishing this commendable measure, she has purchased a farm which she calls Nashoba, and some negroes, with each of whom she keeps a debit and credit account. These slaves are to be emancipated so soon as the profits of their labour have reimbursed her in the sum paid for them with interest. How soon the coloured population of the Southern States will, through the efforts of this kind-hearted lady, taste the blessings of liberty, cannot at present, be computed with much accuracy.

Should the scheme of Miss Wright be consummated, no further efforts of the American Colonization Society will be necessary, for removing the free people of colour to the land of their forefathers. Her proposition is intermarriages between the white and black population. Miss Wright's ideas upon this refined system of amalgamation, we will give in her own language, as we find it in a recent proclamation issued at Nashoba.

"The emancipation of the coloured population, cannot be progressive through the laws. It must and can only be progressive through the feelings; and through that medium be finally complete and entire, involving at once political equality and the amalgamation of the races.

"The education of the race of colour would doubtless make the amalgamation more rapid, as well as more creditable; and so far as considering the physical amalgamation of the two colors, when accompanied by a moral approximation, as an evil, it must surely be viewed as a good equally desirable to both," &c. &c.

Such is the language and such the proposition of the founder of Nashoba, on this point. We beg her pardon, however, for using, when speaking of her scheme, the term intermarriages. We had forgotten at the moment, that such phrases with all their synonyms, are abolished from her system of ethics. Miss Wright, coinciding in opinion with Mr. Owen, is a strenuous advocate for the entire abolition of the institution of marriage; believing it, if we may give credit to her statements, fraught with the most baneful influences upon the liberty, happiness and dignity of both sexes. How far a pretty long life of "single blessedness" may have contributed to the adoption of such an opinion, it would, perhaps, be both injurious and ungallant to enquire.

Miss Wright talks with flippancy about "the tyranny usurped by the matrimonial law"—"the martyrdom of the best grounded and most generous attachments which ever did honor to the human heart, simply because unlegalized by human ceremonies equally idle and offensive," &c.—Marriage, according to her account, had its origin "in religious prejudice and priestly rapacity." "The marriage law existing out of the institution, (Nashoba) is of no force within that pale," &c. &c. We will trace this indecent and disgusting creed no further. It is the counterpart of the *New Views of Society*, as promulgated at New Harmony. The only material difference between that place and Nashoba is, that the head of the former is a man, that of the latter a woman—one is supported by white, the other by black slaves.

The American people are certainly under very weighty obligations to Mr. Owen and Miss Wright, for leaving their native country, for the purpose of reforming ours. If they had both left behind them their impudence, infidelity and licentious opinions, those obligations would have been much increased.

THE INDIANS.

Considerable discussion has taken place in the House of Representatives, on the bill making appropriations for the Indian Department. The plan, first proposed we believe, by Mr. Monroe, of removing from the United States the various tribes of Indians, to some portion of the territory west of the Mississippi, has been examined in an able and satisfactory manner by two members from Ohio, Messrs. Vinton and Woods. The practicability of this plan, conceived no doubt in philanthropic feelings, has to us never been made apparent; and since reading the speeches of the gentlemen referred to, we have still stronger doubts in regard to its final accomplishment. The leading objections to the removal and governmental union of this much contumacious people, are their unwillingness to leave their present homes, and the manifest injustice of a resort to measures to compel them; the impossibility of civilizing them if removed; the enormous expense of supporting them in their new situation; the continual wars which would, in all probability, result from placing tribes with opposite habits and feelings in connection; and, lastly, the increased rapidity with which, as a nation, they would waste away. These are some of the leading objections to a plan, founded originally in benevolence, but urged at present, more perhaps, for the purpose of ridding ourselves of the Indians, than with a view to their advantage.

In regard to the expense of removing the Indians, it appears, from the estimate furnished by the Indian Bureau, that about half a million of dollars would be required for the removal of the Chickasaw nation alone, consisting of but 4,000 persons; including all the other tribes east of the Mississippi, something like six millions would be necessary. The estimate made for the support of them, when removed, is \$73 each per annum, or four millions of dollars. Thus about ten millions will be required for their removal and support for the first year. The idea that they will be enabled to support themselves, founded in error.

Gov. Cassay, "that the Indians are wasting away in the wilderness, with a rapidity unknown in the vicinity of the whites. He accounts for this on rational principles.—While their knowledge was confined to the bow and arrow, they were unable to destroy the immense herds of buffalo and elk; but since the traders have put fire-arms into their hands, to destroy the animals merely for the sake of the hides, they neglect laying in provisions for the winter, and destroy the means which Providence has given them for their own subsistence."

Gov. Clark, the Superintendent of the Indians west of the Mississippi, says—"The situation of the Indians west of the Mississippi, is the most pitiable that can be imagined. During several seasons in every year, they are distressed by famine, of which many die; and during which the living child is often buried with the dead mother, because none can spare it as much food, as would sustain it through its helpless infancy."

This is the miserable condition of a portion of the 200,000 Indians west of the Mississippi, among whom it is proposed to remove those within the limits of the United States, and who are, comparatively, in a comfortable situation.

Let them be removed and all idea of civilizing them must be abandoned; nor, indeed, without the expenditure of millions of dollars annually, could they be long preserved from absolute destruction.

The system pursued by our Government, in regard to this much injured race, for the last eight or nine years, has been productive of salutary results, and should, we think, be persevered in. Many of the tribes, particularly in the South, are making very encouraging advances in civilization. If, therefore, the sum annually appropriated for the furtherance of this laudable object was increased,—if the order of Chiefs and Leaders among them was gradually abolished,—the fee-simple of a small tract of land invested in each member of the tribes, thereby inspiring the self-respect which is imparted by the ownership of property,—additional schools, for the education of the Indian children, were established, and a greater number of honest practical farmers and mechanics induced to settle among them, much might yet be done towards preserving this race of men from entire extinction; and something accomplished, in atoning for the manifest injustice which has marked the policy of our Government towards the original, independent proprietors of this continent.

The marriage of the young Prince of Moksha (Marshal Ney's son) and Mademoiselle Lafitte, daughter of the rich Paris banker, has recently been celebrated. The young Prince is said to have refined a present of two millions of francs, which his father-in-law offered on the marriage contract.—What a foolish dog! The marriage has given rise to the following doggerel impromptu: Lafitte ask'd his girl if she'd marry a Prince. Expecting, of course, she'd say yes! But judge his surprise, in return for his hints, When she blushingly whispered out "Ney."

SHADE TREES.

It is to be regretted that the season for planting shade trees is passing by without that general attention to the subject from the owners of real estate which the importance of the measure demands.

As it is not yet entirely too late for transplanting these trees, and as the expense of procuring them is very trifling, it is to be wished that many additional ones will be immediately removed from the forest to our side walks.

We had hoped that the Board of Health would have recommended, and the Council have enforced, the adoption of a measure so intimately connected with the health and comfort of the city, as the general introduction of shade trees.

The meeting of the Parliament of England took place on the 29th of January. The King's speech is short, and not particularly interesting. He speaks of the naval battle between the contracting Powers and the Ottoman Porte, as "a collision wholly unexpected by his Majesty," and "notwithstanding the valor displayed by the combined fleet, his Majesty deeply laments that this conflict should have occurred with the naval force of an ancient ally."

In regard to Portugal the King says, "The obligations of good faith having been fulfilled, and the safety and independence of Portugal secured, his Majesty has given orders that the forces now in that country should be immediately withdrawn."

The session of the French Chambers was opened on the 5th of February. The King's speech appears to have been well received by that body. Of the battle of Navarino, he says, "The unexpected battle of Navarino was at the same time an occasion of glory for our arms, and a brilliant pledge of the union of the three flags."

In regard to the confinement of the French troops in Spain, he remarks, "Every thing assures me, that I shall be able very soon, with the consent of the King my nephew, to restore my soldiers to their country, and to relieve my people from a painful burden."

The London *Courier* contains an official document announcing the Duke of Wellington's resignation of the command of the army, and Lord Hill's appointment as his successor.

THE CINCINNATI THEATRE.

Was closed by Mr. Drake on Monday evening last, with the fourth exhibition of the *Flying Dutchman*,—a dramatic spectacle which seems to have had a greater "run" than has attended any previous production on our stage. The Manager has since proceeded (with the splendid and expensive scenery of the piece) to Louisville, for the purpose of exhibiting the inhabitants of our sister city, with the mysteries and wonders of the age of witchcraft. The company (with the exception of a few extra members, who have, we understand, obtained *leaves of absence*) will return to Cincinnati early in May, when a number of new and interesting pieces are expected to be brought out. The progress of improvements in the edifice, will in the mean time be advancing towards completion.

THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, favourable to the formation of a "Society for the promotion of Temperance," met at the Baptist Church, on Tuesday, the 10th instant, and adopted, after considerable discussion, and with a few verbal amendments, the preliminary articles of association reported by the committee.

The next regular meeting takes place, at the same Church, on Monday evening, the 31st instant; when the adopted Constitution will be submitted for signatures; and the organization of the Society be completed.

The most significant article passed at the late meeting enjoins upon members the duty of avoiding the habitual use of ardent spirits; and of exerting, with discretion, a reforming influence upon the inebriate habits of others.

They are also, to abstain ordinarily from offering the forbidden fluid to their acquaintance. Such a resolution alone, if faithfully carried into effect by any considerable number of associates, cannot fail to have a beneficial influence upon the community;—and we cheerfully unite with the committee in recommending to our fellow citizens a general co-operation in the scheme.

CORRESPONDENTS.—As our tuncular contributors appear to be falling off of late, in the number and viracity of their contributions, we shall shortly be under the necessity of justifying ourselves to the public for the exclusion of sundry manifestations of *fine phrenzy* with which we have been supplied, by again reviewing the accumulated contents of our poetical *pigeon-hole*.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING CHRONICLE.

HISTORY OF PUNS, NO. 4.
Verba quas turquentes revolare sicut secretas.
Dixeris ergo, notum si calida verbum
Rediscit juncta novum.
Hor. Ars Poetica, v. 47 &c.

The most important direct evidence in favor of our theory has been already set forth in order for the reader, but to remove every shadow of doubt, we shall here notice the only plausible objections, which at present, suggest themselves to us. Would it be expected, after all our arguments to the contrary, that there is not the slightest trace of hieroglyphic, any where to be found upon the Pyramids? Yet this is really the case. Not a sign, not an emblem, or device of any description whatever. Starting and insurmountable as this obstacle, at first sight, may appear, its formidable dimensions will be instantly reduced, on a nearer approach, and closer inspection. Reflect upon the successive ages through which these structures have defied the storms and the tempest. Compare their duration to the days of a man, and compute the generations that must have passed away, since they were first exposed to the violence of the elements,—where the elements sometimes delight to put forth their power, and riot and revel in the wildest excess of fury. Suppose a whole century to have removed little more than a single granular particle of their substance, and long before the present time many inches of solid material must have been worn from their extended surface. But it is not absolutely necessary to resort to this supposition. The Pyramids, as they now stand, may be, and probably are, partially buried beneath the sands of the desert, and as the inscriptions originally placed upon them would most naturally have been carved near their foundations, so as to be easily seen, they are undoubtedly concealed in this manner from the observation of the curious. Such a conjecture receives strong confirmation, from the fact, that the blocks of stone dug from the contiguous soil are all covered with incoherent and enigmatical characters. Many of these detached masses, which once composed a part of the huge piles above them, were transferred by Drovetti to the Museums of Turin, and have since furnished matter of abundant speculation to the English and French philosophes, upon whose wonderful and sagacious researches we before made a passing remark.

One other important barrier seems to raise an impeding front between us and our conclusions. We have hitherto placed much reliance upon the inscrutable nature of the devices in question. But we have anticipated a reply, which will no doubt be made, that no other medium of communicating ideas existed at that early period, because language was in its infancy, and letters were as yet undiscovered. This ancient and certainly erroneous opinion, much to our regret, has been strengthened by the untiring scrutiny of the subtle antiquarians just alluded to. Let us imagine a case to illustrate the unsoundness of their elaborate reasoning. Suppose that at a distant, far distant day, when our language shall cease to be spoken among men, some inquisitive genius, whose chief delight is in studying the records of past generations, should accidentally meet with one of those little toy-books, which have furnished so much amusement to our childhood years. See him in the retirement of his lonely cell, wearing away the dull hours of night, in deep contemplation of the mystic page. He is perplexed beyond measure at the strange medley before him,—here a letter and there a sensible object, the thing itself, represented by the word, of which that letter is the initial. At length, however, you see the gravity of his care-worn features relaxing into a smile of ineffable satisfaction, for he has discovered a clue to unravel the whole difficulty. In fine, he arrives at the very conclusion of Mr. Champollion, and proves conclusively, whatever may be our opinion of the matter, that we of the present age knew nothing of the value of the human characters, and were compelled to resort to thisbungling method of communicating our thoughts. Such are the sublime results of science, and of those pursuits commonly called learned and philosophic. Besides this consideration, the Hebrew alphabet had been invented at a period quite early enough to show how little force there is in this objection. Other nations borrowed letters from Egypt, where they had been known for a length of time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is a great error to suppose, that he who brought them over into Greece, was their discoverer; he was only so in reference to his own countrymen, so grand in all its conceptions, so magnificient in its desire, ever thirsting after knowledge, ever aspiring after knowledge.

I pointed out to her the transitory and imperfect state of man, as compared with the brute creation. Animals steadily arrive at the degree of perfection necessary for the purposes for which they were designed: they continue their species and die. The mind of man, on the contrary, is in perpetual progression: he, himself, is constantly cut down in a state of immaturity and imperfection. With the noblest plans before him—with all the most virtuous projects unfinished, in all the youthful promise of his days, he is summoned from the scene. Here, at the most, his desires can never be gratified—he cannot become perfect even in one science. Surely we may then infer, that man is destined to another state—a state where every virtue shall ripen into maturity—where every noble project shall be carried into effect—where the thirst for knowledge will be quenched at the parent spring.

"But," said she to me, "the doctrine of the resurrection is so wonderful, so surprising, so unaccountable, so unnatural!"

"Look here," said I, pointing to a beautiful Bignon, which was flowing luxuriantly in the window, "that flower shall teach you a lesson. To me it appears so striking, and so lovely a symbol of the change that awaits the Christians, that I can never look at it without gladness of heart. A few months since it was a small, dry, shrivelled root, without taste or smell, no bigger than a nut. Who, viewing it for the first time, would imagine it possible, that such a dusky, diminutive particle, would produce a flower! By and by a leaf appears, another follows, then comes a stalk, its bulk increases rapidly, a shoot is visible, another and another; at length the stem, then the flower is developed, and blooms in wild luxuriance. It is now at its meridian.—It will shortly shed its flowers, and drop, and wither, and die away; but only to undergo the same mysterious operation, and revive with increased beauty, in a succeeding spring.

Inspect nature herself. She is an annual resurrection. Year after year does she testify to man his own frail fleeting existence, his maturity, his decay, his decease, his immortality. Winter is the death of nature: the woods are silent, the trees are divested of their foliage, the meadows are no longer green; no blossom, no flower appears—Look where we will, all is desolation and decay. It is nature in her sepulchre. Soon she bursts the cements of the tomb; the divine breathes the breathes of the tomb; the divine breathes upon her face; the gales of spring awake her to existence; and welcome sunbeams, and budding flowers, and smiling skies, proclaim the resurrection of the year! Such is the magnificent spectacle constantly presented to man. And with such striking proofs of the resurrection of nature, O! how can we, for one moment, doubt the truth of our own!"

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